

# HIGH LIGHTS



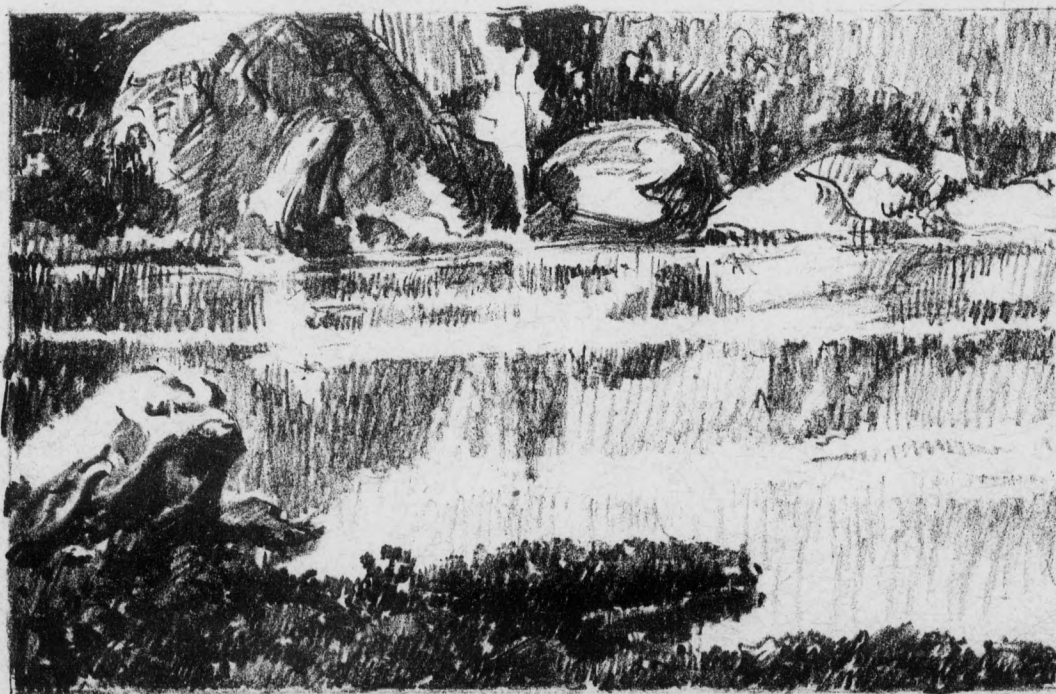
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SIERRA MADRE ARTS GUILD



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# HIGH LIGHTS

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## COVER DRAWING

The cover drawing, as well as the advertising illustrations throughout the magazine, are lithographs from the hand of Alfred James Dewey. Printed at the Burns Printing Company, Pasadena, by George Mordridge.

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## EDITORIAL BOARD

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HIGH LIGHTS from the foothills; issued by the Sierra Madre Arts Guild at the Wistaria Vine Studio in Sierra Madre, California.

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GUILD MEETINGS

The May Arts Guild meeting was a joy not soon to be forgotten, News of the great Allied victory in Tunisia had broken that afternoon and everybody was bent on celebration.

In honor of this great victory we started our program with the National Anthems of America and Great Britain, (thanks to Clement and Mrs. May for bringing the records). Too bad we didn't have Free French anthem record.

Mrs. Vera Whaley, mezzo soprano of light opera fame, was in fine voice and sang three well known arias and a delightful encore. She was accompanied by Mrs. Mittendorf who is an outstanding pianist.

After the musicians, the Sierra Madre Historical society, took over the program. Mr. William Lauren Rhodes gave a very interesting and informative talk on the early life of Sierra Madre Villa, which was founded by his father. Developed after careful planning, it became a social and cultural center which attracted people from all lands.

It was the only gathering place between Los Angeles and the foothills of Mt. Wilson. Mr. Rhodes tells a story well. He not only gave us the history of the Villa but of the San Gabriel Valley and the birth of Pasadena.

When the Villa was founded Pasadena was only a sheep ranch. Thousands of sheep grazed where now there stand the many storied buildings of the business section, and the Civic Center.

Mrs. Edith Blumer Bowen, the historian for the society, received most of the evening's laughs, through her interpretation of two interesting letters. One was written in 1905. It had to do with one Sam Twycross, one of this city's most memorable characters.

According to this missal, Sam was the Big Poo-bah of Sierra Madre. In his day he was deputy sheriff, stage driver, mail carrier. With a team of old horses he met the trains at the Santa Anita station. If he had a good load, instead of going direct to the Post Office, he would traverse every street, road and bypass in the town, pointing out the choice spots. Before they realized what had

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happened they had bought a lot or two, an acre or an acre or two.

Among his other accomplishments, Sam was a Notary Public, made out and filed deeds, made out wills, organized church dinners and socials, and rumor says, even was known to preach an occasional sermon. He knew the physical and mental condition of everybody, and an expectant mother would rely on him to call the doctor at the psychological time.

Just to make sure he was kept busy, he was the Los Angeles Times correspondent, besides.

Mrs. Bowen's second letter was written by a girl to a maid at the San Gabriel home of the Patton family. One of the present day members of this family commands American army forces in North Africa. Due to restrictions of the Historical society, the letter cannot be published, but was typical in its Irish wit.

\* \* \*

As was announced in the May High Lights, our next meeting will be held Saturday, June 5, instead of on Friday. A picnic or pot luck supper has been planned for 7 o'clock. Everybody bring some food. After the supper in the gardens there will be cards, music and dancing in the Studio Gallery.

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#### MARRIAGE

Helen Ferguson Caukin

No look and see this being that is I  
 While mirrored by this presence that is You -  
 The You I, as your mirror, modify  
 From time to time, as given a further view.  
 Mirror reflecting mirror, clear as speech,  
 Are You and I, one strong and firmly framed  
 And one contoured in oval, each to each  
 Adjusting what the shifting years have claimed  
 To what they have bestowed, - while glass to glass  
 Our gliding images of youth recede  
 (Dissolved through later likenesses, they pass)  
 And show Us Many, Two, and One, indeed, -  
 When there is flashed a slant of light whereby  
 We glimpse that I'm You and You are I.

(From New Mexico Quarterly Review)

## JOHNNIE'S GONE TO WAR . . .

Lee Shippey

Johnnie enlisted in the Army yesterday. He was only 18 and we wanted him to wait till he was 20 but he said: "Heck! I can't wait two years to shoot a Jap."

His mother cried a little but she was very proud. I guess my eyes were sort of misty, to. I wouldn't mention it but, somehow, today we feel more kinship and sympathy for and with millions of other Americans than we did before. We feel a kinship with all the boys who are in the armed forces of our country. And we really know how other millions of parents feel.

Johnnie looks very manly in his uniform. But the blur in our eyes played queer tricks on us. Somehow we didn't see a boy suddenly become a man. We saw a little toddler just able to move about alone. He was the brightest and most considerate of our babies. He never cried or demanded anything when he woke up in the morning. He just slipped out of his bed in the children's room and came tiptoeing into our room, trying hard not to awaken us. A mouse couldn't have been quieter and often he had slipped into our bed before we knew it. We would half open our eyes and see that sweet little face, with a smile that was mischievous even then, as fresh as sunrise on a dewy morn. . . . I guess we shall always see Johnnie looking just like that..

But now, facing the resolute young man in uniform, it's hard to realize that he and the curly-headed tyke we remembered were actually one and the same. How had this miracle of transformation been wrought? What had become of the years between? We knew he was the same, for there was the same starry look in his eyes, the same eager questing for adventure, the same interest and faith in the new day that was dawning. How could we let our little boy go away to war!

And yet we were so glad that he wanted to go, so glad that he felt it was a far better thing to die for something, if need be, than to live for nothing -- or, even worse than that, to live in dishonor.

We knew that America wouldn't be worth living in if ever its sons got so they didn't wish to fight for it. We knew that many a man has lived long and prospered and gained much for himself, and yet the world would have been better off if he had never been born. We knew that



only those who serve the world can improve it and therefore only they make a success of life. And we knew that Johnnie was in uniform to offer all that he had for an ideal. No man can live more greatly than that, whether his life be long or short.

So we didn't reach out to draw him back, despite the tricks our eyes played on us. And then in the mist before our eyes we saw another vision. It was Johnnie and yet it wasn't Johnnie. It was Young America embodied in Johnnie. It was what America had been in 1776 and what America will be, pray God, in 1976 -- an immortal spirit in a young man's flesh, looking down the centuries out of resolute eyes.

More than that, the thing we saw in Johnnie was part of our own hearts and souls, something glorious and unpurchasable, something to be gained only by sacrifice and to be preserved only so long as we value it more than life. It made us a part of all those other boys and all those other parents. It made us truly a part of the United States, united to us as never before.

It made us kin to more than a hundred and thirty million people.

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#### SAN GABRIEL ARTISTS GUILD

The San Gabriel Artists Guild will present, beginning June 1, an exhibition of paintings by the Painters and Sculptors Club of Los Angeles. A reception and tea, honoring the exhibiting artists, will be served on Sunday afternoon, June 6, at the Gallery, on the Plaza, San Gabriel, from 3 to 6 p.m.

At the regular Wednesday meeting, June 16, at 8 p.m., Trudea Hanson, distinguished painter, teacher and authority on etching and its various processes, including aquatint, drypoint and soft ground etchings, will display recent examples of her work.

Art lovers are cordially invited to attend either occasions. The Gallery is open daily from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.; Saturdays and Sundays from 2 until 5 p.m.

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NIGHT OVER THE WOOD. By Hugh Addis. New York: Dodd,  
Mead and Company.

(Hugh Addis is a Sierra Madrean. He is the son of Mrs. Marguerite Addis, at the Sierra Madre library, and H. A. N. Addis, well known writer and a former editor of High Lights. The Editors are delighted that Hugh has done so well with his first book. The accompanying review is by Harold Carew, and appeared in the Pasadena Star-News.)

When the wealthy Mr. Parkinson's body was found in a well on his California estate, the finger of suspicion pointed to several persons. There is, for instance, the dead man's dissolute, hard-drinking son, Lew; Devens, the head gardener, a crafty, designing individual, is easily suspect, and so is his daughter Adele, a hard-bitten girl who knows all the answers, except the one, which to her, was the most important one of all. Her lover, Haley, an actor when he worked, followed the line of least resistance and was a cad not above committing homicide.

Cousin Arthur, who sported the name Arthur L. Arthur, and had a wise-crack for every occasion, even when some of the family thought he might have had a hand in the unceremonious taking off of Mr. Parkinson, furnishes the humor for this grim tale of violence and murder. Then there is Phil Raleigh, a college football star who took a summer's job at the Parkinson estate under Devens, and who ran smack into a situation that boded no good for his



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future career - if he was ever to live to have a career.

When Detective Sayers is called in to solve the crime he brings along his side-kick, McCarty, who keeps unusually quiet and noncommittal for an exuberant Irishman. Raleigh's discovery of the corpse is only the beginning, though there are many queer episodes in the wood adjoining the house after the late Mr. Parkinson's identity has been established.

But we mustn't forget Thalia, Parkinson's lovely and naive younger daughter, who is very much smitten by the dashing grid man. If Adele had gone away, as she had planned to do, she would have received a real surprise; but Adele tarried too long. Then she lost her head completely - with a result not wholly to her liking. That also troubled Detective Sayers; but Lew Parkinson, coming out of the wood one dark night, treated the whole affair lightly, even with an insouciance that is decidedly startling.

In this first novel Hugh Addis has produced a genuine thriller. He builds up suspense effectually, brings every one of his characters fully alive and keeps his mystery story moving at a satisfying tempo.

'Night Over the Wood' is one of the best mystery yarns we have read during the last two or three years.

H.C.

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### THE MISSING CAMELIA

It was March, the month when the Southland is carpeted with that soft green that defines the coming of Spring, that we took over the Wistaria Vine Gardens for our meeting place and working studio.

The great Chinese Wistaria Vine was coming into bud. The gardens were glowing with life; hundreds of roses were bursting into blooms, the gold fish and the frogs in the lily ponds were agitating the water to give vent to the joy that Spring alone brings forth.

There was peace and quiet together with all the beauties of nature for a background. In the evening the frogs and peepers would strike up a symphony that gave that added touch to the joy of living.

It was in this atmosphere of tranquillity that we first heard the sound of footsteps on the roof garden. They were distinctly human steps. There was a new moon and a gentle breeze.

Perhaps it was the breeze whipping a branch of the big eucalyptus across the roof. No. The steps were too distinct. Just thump, thump, thump. Real spaced steps. No one could get up there from the front. The front stairs were barred. Perhaps it was one of the back stairs to see the new moon. It was quiet for a time and then the thumping of steps again.

To appease our curiosity we swept up the back stairs. There sitting by the rail was an old lady clearly defined against the evening sky. Not wishing to disturb her we sat down on the top step to see what would happen next.

The moonlight was dimmed by a fleeting cloud, a breeze shifted the shadows and the old lady melted into the night.

As we sat trying to solve the mystery of the thumping of steps on the roof garden the frogs stopped their croaking abruptly, the leaves rustled under the vine but the birds were restless in the trees. It was too much for me.

Back in the studio we saw through the front window a dark form mingled with shadows down under the line.

A glance and the west window revealed a parked car down under the pepper trees in the parking lot.

With flash light in hand we dashed first to the car. It was an old coupe, empty, locked and without ration sticker on the windshield. We then took up the search for the dark form.

After a thorough search of the gardens we came to the conclusion that our mind was moonstruck and went back to our pictures in the studio.

The whole disturbance couldn't just be laid to a new moon and a gentle breeze, for down under the pepper tree was an old car. It was the only tangible thing in a night of queer noises and shifting shadows.

We locked up and went home. The clear light of day may reveal something.

About 10 o'clock, the next morning we walked through the gardens. The old car was gone. By the root of the vine stood an old lady, dressed in black. As we approached she was saying to herself, "Somebody has dug something up here. Yes," she continued, "now I remember, it was that rare camelia that I loved so much. Some vandal has taken it". Turning to me, she said, "I wonder if he knew what a rare flower he was taking."

\* \* \*

horace

the guild mouse

We of the staff of hilites hope our readers will give series appreciation to the well reported personal experience in the short theme just presented. All the other editors insist it is a real mystery, what happened to our camela, and look on the story as imaginative. It is & then again it isn't. Only someone with special gifts, like being under a bench at the right time, such as me could no the hole story. I think our contributor did a very nice bit of work, only he just didnt know the hole story.

I am, as i hav tole leslie, a righter, only i hav always resented having to liv up to the definition of a righter i hav herd, which is 10 percent inspiration and 90 percent perspiration. that is more than i hav got. but for once i have a perfect story. i just got to tell it,



lik it happened. i do not hav to use my imagination, i just got to tell it.

i did not hear those footsteps. mrs. mouse had went over to the barksdale d'orrs, the hed of the ration for some chez, and i was out. she was having fun, so why not me, i was down in the garden with a rose what a lovely rose. i hope mrs. mouse wont take this to hard, i mean my interest in flowers.

but as i was there a chug and a chug of a noise told me a car was in the parking lot, so i made us be quiet.

a breeze blew and everything was dark, and then i herd a step or more, and when the moon lited everything again there were too people. "u"! i herd one say, and i think it was the old lady. "yes, me" he said. "i have cum back for something."

"what have you cum back 4" she said, and i cudnt hear what he said. But she said "o"

they walked around and i could just get snatches, lik "it has been so long" and "why did you" and "i shudnt hav done it" and "what a great mistake." and its been so long.

o well, anyway, he was hunting for something. "i no they put it somewhere, i just got to hav it" and they talked some more, and the breeze blew, and then they werent there. they were almost found but they werent.

The other editors say it isnt so, but i herd them and i no a man took the flower becus it had great meaning to him. i no i herd the talk, and i no it wuz a great luv. but the other editors, besides alf, say sumone just wanted a pretty flower that somebody else didnt have. and took it. on my honor as a righter and a mouse, i am not being a righter, i am being a winchell. this is real, and earnest and life.

-o-

i got to say something about the soldiers who cum up to our monday nights. we sure have been having fun. they are all sick from the horspital, and just getting their feet again, and they lik to eat and hav fun and do they make crums. boy. i hav fun, cleaning up.

## TWO POEMS

Bill Galbraith

(The author of the following two poems has contributed to High Lights before, and is one of the best of the younger and newer poets. For some months he has been a member of the armed forces and these few lines, perhaps, show that his artistic instincts have not been entirely submerged by fatigue and the Manual of Arms.)

## PEACE

"Aye," said Otis, "peace is foreign  
to the cells of plant and meat;  
life is a hungry moron  
with a weak fly to eat,  
and the juice is sweet.

"Against the war of the tides beating,  
against the wind, the rain  
and the sun, the strong keep eating  
and flowering through pain  
where the weak are lain.

"But the cell shall not pause nor the mouth question  
nor the root cry peace to the wind.  
Peace is merely a time for digestion,  
sun where clouds have been,  
rest after sin."

(Continued on the following page)

A. E. F.

They will remember with dreams, with hungry tongues,  
with eyes and heart, with belly burning the thought  
of home's incredible food. The lonely ones  
will ache above the pillow that is wet and hot,  
and only dreams will comfort them. And some  
will have bright words flowing the warmth and peace  
of green valleys where they watched the evenings come  
as unafraid as birds in the shadowed trees.

Remember well; be soft, be sad, be gentle;  
be all that war has taken from you; The hand  
that lifts, eyes forgiving the mantle  
of darkness over the desecrated land.  
Be all of this, and leave it in your son  
to hate all war after the war is won.

\* \* \*

OUR MISTAKE: The first line of Helen Caukin's poem on  
page 5 should read: "Now look and see this being that is I."

A SUGGESTION: Sally says come early to June 5th Guild  
meeting and enjoy the gardens in the afternoon sunlight.

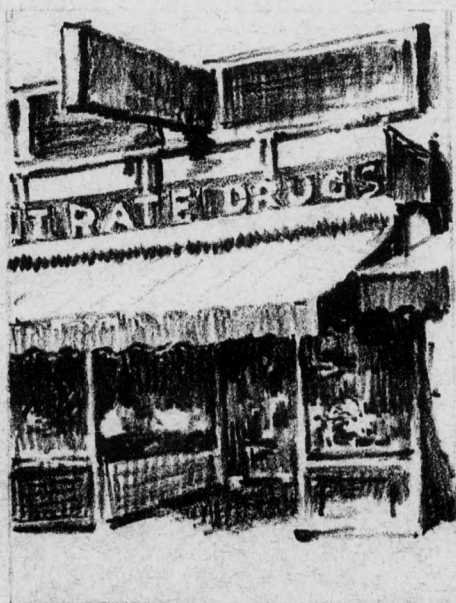




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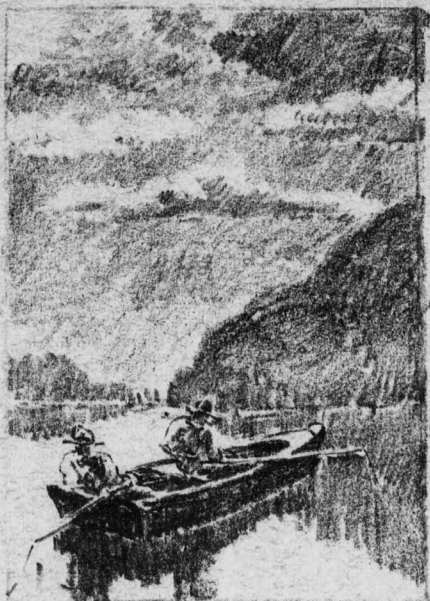
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